

# The Ypsilantian

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1906.

NUMBER 1381

## Basement Specials Saturday

Six dozen 9-inch Clear Glass Vases—  
you'll see them in our Huron Street  
Window—Saturday they will be  
sold at

5c Each

## Davis & Kishlar



### Stylish Sack Suits

Not only stylish, but  
good all-wool hand-tailored suits, the kind that  
hold their shape. Stein-  
Block and Hart, Schaffner & Marx—none bet-  
ter,

\$15 to \$25.00

Other good makes, - \$5 to \$15

Men's and Young Men's Trousers, - \$1 to \$6

Another new showing of Fancy Vests, - \$1 to \$4

Spring Furnishings in great variety

## C. S. WORTLEY & Co

## Spring Announcement

Our Spring stock in both High and Low cuts, for the Little Folks as well as for the Big Folks, now in and ready for immediate sale.

## P. C. SHERWOOD & SON

THE SHOE MEN

126 Congress St., - Ypsilanti, Mich.

## I SCREAM!

A few may not have found out that FRANK SMITH makes as good Ice Cream as can be made from pure Pastureized Cream and the best of everything.

Everything at his Fountain is so good that he has to sell a lot of it to make it pay. Try it. Don't wait till the season is most over.

## ...FRANK SMITH...

All kinds of Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

### Ypsilanti Produce Market.

Price paid by dealers.  
Prices on cereals and wool are given by Moorman & Huston.

YPSILANTI, June 21, 1906.

Wheat...	75@25
Corn, ears...	20@30
shelled...	5@25
Oats...	32@37
Rye...	50@60
Barley, 1 cwt...	1 00
Buckwheat, per 100 lbs...	1 25@1 40
Clover seed...	1 75@2 00
Hay...	5 00@5 00
Beans...	1 00@1 30
Potatoes...	75@85
Butter...	18
Eggs...	10-12
Honey...	4
Tallow...	10
Lard...	5@25
Pork, live...	4@5
Pork, dressed...	75@85
Beef, dressed...	10
Hams...	14
Hides, 1 lb...	20@25
Wool washed...	16
Spring chickens, live, 1 lb...	11
Fowls...	16
Turkeys, live...	16

### MERE MENTION.

The Ypsilantian Telephones—Office No. 116; residence, No. 125-2 r.

If you have a house and lot or any other property for sale or rent, try a three-line ad. in The Ypsilantian. Three insertions for 25 cents. It brings good results.

Dr. Alma Blount has gone to Quebec.

Mrs. Charles Sweet delightfully entertained the Harmonious Mystics Friday evening at dinner to meet Misses Clara Brabb and Miss Lorinda Smith, members just returned from Germany. The house was decorated with pink and white peonies and the favors were carnations. The evening was spent with music and visiting, and Miss Winifred Davis was pledged.

Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Bowen of Detroit have been visiting C. M. Bowen.

Mrs. Sarah Andrews of Toledo is spending the month with her son, Isaac Davis.

Mrs. Mary L. Richards and Miss Marion Mason have been guests of Mrs. T. S. Murdock at Northville.

A valuable addition to the magazine table of the Ladies' Library through the courtesy of George C. Smithie, is The Bible Student and Teacher, which comes monthly. It is the organ of The American Bible League, of New York, an interdenominational organization for the promotion of faith in the divine origin, authority and integrity of the Bible. The magazine is the ablest and most efficient presentation of the conservative side of this controversy, and enlists the keenest forces of devout scholarship. The June number has a dozen articles of special excellence, and this and other numbers received contain such names as President Patton of Princeton, Dr. Howard Osgood of Rochester, Dr. G. F. Wright of Oberlin, Dr. David J. Burrell of New York, President Matthew Leitch of Belfast, Dr. Henry O. Dwight of New York, etc.

Mrs. Walter Manning Jones and baby of Dalton, Ga., are expected this week to visit Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wortley.

Miss Ellen K. Wortley has returned from Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.

Prof. and Mrs. W. P. Bowen entertained Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of Ohio last week.

Mrs. J. J. Gunn has returned from Detroit.

Arthur Woodard, of the fifth grade of the Woodruff school, has not been absent or tardy the entire year. This is a record worth making.

Mrs. Louise Gallaher had returned from Salt Lake City.

The marriage of Paul Bombenek and Miss Elma Yates took place June 16 at the bride's home in Britton, in the presence of the immediate families of the young people. Mr. and Mrs. Bombenek will find hosts of friends ready to welcome them home and to wish them all happiness.

Miss Harriet Kief is entertaining Mrs. Nestell of Manchester.

Harry Baker has been elected captain of the Ypsilanti baseball team for next year, a fine selection and an honor well earned. Baker has made a great record this year and held opposing teams down remarkably. He is a heady pitcher and should make an excellent captain. Only DeNike, Comstock and Grant leave this year, and though each is a distinct loss, the prospects with six veteran players are bright for a great team.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Darrow and daughter of Toledo, who visited Mrs. C. L. Begole, left Friday for Cincinnati to attend the wedding of Mr. Darrow's sister. Mrs. Begole is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Grace Hawthorne of Elgin, Ill.

Miss Charlotte King is visiting Port Huron relatives.

Austin Cline left Monday to take a position with the G. R. & I. road at Peotone for the summer.

The Pease Men's quartet put in a strenuous day yesterday, singing at the Normal Commencement and alumni dinner, at the Wayne Commencement in the afternoon and at that in Birmingham in the evening. Friday they sing at Orion.

The L. T. L. meets Monday evening and W. C. T. U. Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Galbraith, 605 Emmet street.

Some sneak destroyed nearly all of Mrs. Robbins' corn patch on Second avenue, Tuesday night throwing its plants

into the street. Mrs. Robbins had especially thrifty corn and needed her little crop, and whoever destroyed it should be severely punished.

The engagement of Miss Clara Brabb of Romeo, formerly of Ypsilanti, to Atwood R. McAndrew of this city, was announced Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Brabb. Many pretty functions have been given in honor of Miss Brabb and Miss Lorinda Smith this week.

Judge and Mrs. Harry A. Lockwood of Monroe are Ypsilanti visitors this week.

The name of Archie Johnson was inadvertently left out of the list of Normal N. baseball men. Johnson was a star at second and his timely hits won many a game.

Mrs. M. T. Wallin of Northville is visiting in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Minott and daughter have gone to Grand Rapids.

Mrs. G. A. McGee and children of Cadillac are guests of Mrs. Walter Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whelden of Detroit stopped in an auto trip Saturday to visit Mrs. Milo Ehman.

A. W. Dasef, a former Normal athletic star, now chemist of the soda ash works at Barberton, O., was in the city Tuesday.

Sunday evening the little boys of Mrs. Florence Rathfon had a narrow escape. They had been reading in bed, and the lamp, placed on a chair, tipped over after they had fallen asleep, setting fire to the floor. Their mother was away, but the hired man smelled smoke and with difficulty saved the youngsters and put out the flames.

President L. H. Jones entertained the Twenty Club Monday evening, and Hon. Peter White of Marquette gave a charming talk on the "Iron Money" or draft issued by iron companies on eastern banks which were used as currency without endorsement by banks and stores in the upper Peninsula for years in the sixties, and told many odd incidents growing out of this peculiar usage.

Miss Florence Swaine went to Detroit Tuesday to attend the funeral of Bert Marx, who was to have married Wednesday Miss Florence Hascall, formerly of Ypsilanti, but died of typhoid fever at Milwaukee last week. He was well known here.

Miss Beulah Arney has gone to Rogers Park, Ill.

Edward Steimle left yesterday for Atlanta, Ga.

Prof. F. T. Swan of Potsdam N. Y. was a guest at the home of E. M. Childs Tuesday.

A. Jay Murray and daughter Willa of Cortland, N. Y. and Miss Sexton of Kansas City, Mo., visited Dr. Ellen Murray Tuesday.

Mrs. E. R. Gassman and children of Toledo are visiting in the city.

Prof. L. L. Jackson, now of the Brookport N. Y. Normal, received his Doctor's degree from Columbia University last week.

Prof. Will Marshall, now of the U. of M. will spend the next year at the University of Gottingen. Mrs. Marshall will accompany him.

Rev. C. C. McIntire attended the reception given in Detroit Tuesday in honor of the Assembly committee on Presbyterian brotherhood.

Atherton Marrs was called to Beaverville, Ont., by the death of his father last week.

Fire in Harrison Fairchild's smoke house Monday morning did about \$100 worth of damage. The meats however had just been taken out.

The marriage of Gregory H. Scharf of this city and Miss Anna Elizabeth Hayden took place in the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, June 19. Mr. and Mrs. Scharf will be at home in this city after Aug. 1 at 508 Forest ave. Congratulations.

Mrs. Harriett Plunkett Edwards of New York will be critic teacher of the 3rd and 4th grades of the training school during the summer school.

Two boys of the high school department of the Normal pleaded guilty to stealing money from the gymnasium lockers but were released on suspended sentence on returning the sum. For years systematic stealing has been going on at the Normal but this is the first arrest made.

Misses Mary and Ruth Putnam left Tuesday for New York and sail to-day for Europe.

The Sigma Delta fraternity of the high school held their annual banquet followed by a dance at the armory Thursday evening. The church house was decorated with turquoise and maroon draperies and roses. Covers were laid for fifty four and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Teeter were chaperones. Whitmire's orchestra played at both functions. Walter Hoyt was toastmaster and responses were given by Ralph Gaudy, Harry Baker, John C. Hewitt of Humboldt, Ariz., Fitch Forsythe of Ann Arbor, and Clyde Gass.

Misses Jessie Childs and Ellen Colvan have been pledged to the Sigma Nu Phi sorority.

Grover Gillen, the baseball player who spent last winter here, has been turned over to Des Moines Ia. by the Toledo team. He won four games out of six games he pitched for Toledo.

Mrs. Vera Grawe of Duluth, Minn., is visiting her father, Prof. H. C. Rankin.

Mrs. Charles Haggerty and son of Beaumont, Tex., are visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis D. Harsh of Des Moines, Ia., have been guests of Mrs. F.

S. Babbitt. Mrs. Harsh and baby Nancy will remain for some time.

Capt. E. P. Allen attended the G. A. R. encampment at Saginaw last week.

Miss Addie Woodard left Monday for North Yakima, Wash., to visit Mrs. W. Cornue.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Palmer spent Sunday at Milan.

Miss Muriel Webb sang at the Baccalaureate address in Saline Sunday evening.

The band concert in Prospect Park was postponed till next Sunday afternoon.

Misses Marcella Warren and Kate McKenzie have returned from Cadillac.

The Ypsilanti high school team were defeated 5 to 2 at Howell Saturday, owing to the rain.

Miss Ella Hayes of Bacone University, Indian Territory, arrived in this city for the summer Saturday.

Misses Maude and Grace Corbett of North Adams, Mrs. Hoyle of Cedar Springs, Mrs. Brown of Clarkston, Mr. Stevens of Stockbridge and Mrs. L. Munson of Deerfield are among the Ypsilanti Commencement visitors.

Mrs. F. H. Pease gave a party at the Country Club last evening for Misses Lorinda Smith and Clara Brabb, and Misses Edith Jones and Fay Allen entertain for them Friday evening.

Friends of Miss Rose Van Buren will be glad to learn of her safe though belated arrival at Spokane, Wash. The train was delayed two days by the washout at Dickinson, North Dakota, and the passengers were finally sent back to Jamestown, thence by a branch road to Leeds on the Great Northern, on which road they were forwarded to Pacific Junction, thence across to Helena and so on to Spokane, the entire delay being about four days. Miss VanBuren and Mr. Lloyd Kimmel were married June 17th at the home of his brother, Mr. Will Kimmel in Spokane.

The friends of Chandler Rathfon Post, son of W. R. Post and grandson of Hon. S. Post of this city, who have followed the many marked distinctions he has won during his university career at Harvard, will be glad to learn that he has just won the Dante prize at Harvard and has received the appointment of full instructor in English in the University. He sails for a three months' sojourn in Europe June 20.

Miss Mabel Vail of Los Angeles, Cal., is visiting in this city.

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The marriage of Miss Anne H. Campbell to Charles Ralph Tiebout of Roseland, La., is announced for June 27.

Prof. Laird has gone to Ludington where his family will spend the summer. Miss Jessie Laird graduated this week from Mt. Holyoke college.

The marriage of Miss Myrtle Strang to Roy Lewis is announced for June 27.

Rolfe A. Mills and his sister of Fenton both Normal graduates, are in the city.

Mrs. Etta Emerick of Detroit is spending a few days here.

The marriage of Miss Anne H. Campbell to Charles Ralph Tiebout of Roseland, La., is announced for June 27.

Misses Fannie Crittenden and Ruby Rouse delightfully entertained the Beta Nu sorority at the home of Miss Rouse, yesterday afternoon. The house was decorated with blue and gold bunting, peonies and roses. There were songs by Misses Mary Cordary and Ida O'Dooge, and piano solos by Misses Muriel Webb and Mildred Graves of Detroit. Mrs. Inez Geer McDonald of Detroit and Mrs. Susie Crittenden Warner presided in the dining room. There were sixty present. To-night the sorority holds its anniversary banquet at the Hawkins House and Saturday will give a picnic up the river.

The marriage of Charles H. Crane and Miss Josephine I. Furlong took place quietly Monday evening at the residence of Capt. J. N. Wallace, Rev. Fr. Kennedy performing the ceremony.





# MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY  
ST. GEORGE  
RATHBONE  
AUTHOR OF  
"SOUTHERN  
AN AMERICAN  
NARROW"  
DR. JACK ETC.

## CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

Again they are in the saddle; two more hours' riding will take them to the mine. They can see smoke rising in the sunny atmosphere telling of houses in that quarter, though a ridge—the same that contains the wonderful auriferous deposit that has made the name El Dorado known throughout the whole world—conceals them as yet from the gaze of the travelers.

At exactly a quarter to twelve the cavalcade draws up before the mouth of the mine, where they are greeted with cheers by the groups of miners who, having been warned an hour or more before, are awaiting to receive them.

A number of houses have grown up near the opening of the El Dorado—some of them dwelling places for the engineers in charge and their families. Miss Westerly has been rigidly severe in her management of the mine, and there are no liquor joints within a certain radius, in fact, as far as she controls. Besides, the men employed in various positions of trust have been carefully selected, and are especially fitted for their work—most of them are temperance men, and as a natural result those they employ are to be trusted, though of course hypocrites will creep in at times; wolves in sheep's clothing.

Our friends soon make themselves at home; Dora and her mistress are taken into the house of the chief engineer, while Dick and Bob determine to camp with the men near by, as they particularly desire to see all that goes on. If the war that was inaugurated on Mexican soil on the Alameda is to be concluded at the El Dorado, they mean to keep posted.

The great mine employs scores of men, and turns out great quantities of the richest ore. Their profits must be close upon the two million mark per annum, the way the mills stamp it out at present. Little wonder, under such circumstances, that the greedy old Senor Lopez is exceedingly anxious to get control of the whole business; he hopes to turn both streams of gold into his capacious pockets, and thus make himself the wealthiest man in all Mexico.

When Dick and Bob see what is going on at the mine, they do not wonder at the pertinacity of the Mexican in following Pauline across the sea—surely the wealth of Croesus is here disclosed. Guards are everywhere, all heavily armed, and apparently ready to do battle in the interests of the cause they serve. A singular scene, truly, and one of the like of which could not be found anywhere else in the world, the soldiers of a government hired out to serve a private enterprise.

Dick asks quiet questions; it is his desire to discover how much of a hold the Lopez family may have upon the mine, how deep the influence of the wily old strategist has gone. He is surprised at what he learns. Lopez has been at work and secretly controls many of the men. This he learns from the engineer in charge.

There is a surprise in store for Dick and one that makes him uneasy. He is walking among the houses just at sunset, having seen Pauline home after a fatiguing survey of the mine, and declining an invitation to supper from the chief engineer's wife, when he hears his name spoken in a low voice.

"Senor Dick!"

He starts and looks back. Not a living being does he see upon the rough street. Surely he must have dreamed it. He sweeps a hand across his brow and mutters something about his mind playing him a scurvy trick, when again it comes, like a zephyr:

"Senor Dick! at the window!"

He starts and looks back. Not a living being does he see upon the rough street. Surely he must have dreamed it. He sweeps a hand across his brow and mutters something about his mind playing him a scurvy trick, when again it comes, like a zephyr:

"He is here."

"No more than I expected; he means to make us further trouble. This time we shall surely end the matter, and Senor Lopez, too."

"Yes, as a sure thing. If a mad wolf were struggling to get at your wife, would you not shoot the animal down on the spot? That's the way I feel about this scheming Mexican; he is planning Pauline injury, and by all the gods of the ancient Aztecs, I will show him no further mercy, were he a dozen times the father of Juana!"

The engineer looks at him, and feels that he would not like to make an enemy of this man.

"I am ready to take orders, sir," he says. Miss Pauline has told him that Dick is her betrothed, and anything he says goes; that he will in one way, assume charge of the mine.

"You have already done what I asked you? The men you can depend upon have been warned, and are on their guard?" asks Dick.

"They are ready for battle; quiet, well armed, and determined to once more clear out this element that creeps in among them."

"Good! How about the government forces?"

"There are just twenty soldiers here, the rest having gone as an escort with the last load of metal. They are game fellows, but I imagine will not fight against their countrymen. They are here for a certain purpose, and will not take sides in a family quarrel. At least, that is the impression I have gained from a talk with Captain Laguerre, who is in charge."

"Then we'll count them out. How many men do you depend upon?"

"Twenty-three, counting myself."

"That means twenty-five in all. We can do wonders, Mr. Alexander, if we fight in company. I am surprised though, that with those we brought, the force is so small."

"No more than myself. I did not dream how many unreliable men had drifted into the mine again, until I went to count noses, and then I realized that a steady influence had been at work all the while, with a certain object in view. We will do what we can to remedy matters; and, pardon me, they would sacrifice him, my hero, my king. They hate—I love. Let

them plan. I can defeat. Hate would murder, destroy; but love sacrifices all to save. Yes, I love him so that, Heaven help me, I would save his life for her," and the strange child of passion lets her head drop upon her arms and sobs as though her heart were breaking. She has subdued the worst passions of her nature, and is now seized by a sublime heroism, beside which that of Joan of Arc would pale; she gave her life for those she loved; while this girl-woman stands ready to yield up hers to save for her rival the man she loves.

## CHAPTER XXI.

*Waiting for an Eruption of the Volcano.*

The elements are present for a great drama. As soon as darkness covers the earth, men come dropping into camp. Although there are guards posted, these of course are Mexicans, who secretly sympathize with Senor Lopez, and as it is that individual and his men who come in, no objection is made. Indeed they have no orders to the contrary, and the senior is known to have great interests in the El Dorado.

Once these elements have mingled with the miners, the seed is sown for a revolt. Dick and Bob are spending the evening at the house of the chief engineer, to enjoy the society of those in whom they are so deeply interested, when the owner comes in. Upon his face is a look of annoyance—even his wife glances nervously at him, as though she anticipates new trouble.

The past they have known rough times, these two, for the bad element was in control when John Alexander assumed charge, and he had to war upon it continually in order to eliminate it from the company's works.

So his good wife has learned to know what that frown upon his face means. Dick has been looking for something of this kind, and at once foresees trouble ahead. He makes an opportunity to see Alexander near the window, while the ladies, assisted by the enraptured colonel, always wild over music, search to discover favorite songs amid the pile the hostess has, which Miss Pauline will soon ravish their ears in warbling.

The head engineer plucks him by the sleeve.

"It is coming, he says, in a low, thrilling whisper.

Dick smiles, this mad fight for the possession of the mine interests him about as much as it can any one on earth, since he intends to marry the girl who holds the lion's share of the stock; and yet he smiles as though it were a mere nothing.

"Just as I warned you, Mr. Alexan-



"I Consent," She Whispers, Shyly.

der; I knew Lopez would not give up while he held life."

"He is here."

"No more than I expected; he means to make us further trouble. This time we shall surely end the matter, and Senor Lopez, too."

"Yes, as a sure thing. If a mad wolf were struggling to get at your wife, would you not shoot the animal down on the spot? That's the way I feel about this scheming Mexican; he is planning Pauline injury, and by all the gods of the ancient Aztecs, I will show him no further mercy, were he a dozen times the father of Juana!"

The engineer looks at him, and feels that he would not like to make an enemy of this man.

"I am ready to take orders, sir," he says. Miss Pauline has told him that Dick is her betrothed, and anything he says goes; that he will in one way, assume charge of the mine.

"You have already done what I asked you? The men you can depend upon have been warned, and are on their guard?" asks Dick.

"They are ready for battle; quiet, well armed, and determined to once more clear out this element that creeps in among them."

"Good! How about the government forces?"

"There are just twenty soldiers here, the rest having gone as an escort with the last load of metal. They are game fellows, but I imagine will not fight against their countrymen. They are here for a certain purpose, and will not take sides in a family quarrel. At least, that is the impression I have gained from a talk with Captain Laguerre, who is in charge."

"Then we'll count them out. How many men do you depend upon?"

"Twenty-three, counting myself."

"That means twenty-five in all. We can do wonders, Mr. Alexander, if we fight in company. I am surprised though, that with those we brought, the force is so small."

"No more than myself. I did not dream how many unreliable men had drifted into the mine again, until I went to count noses, and then I realized that a steady influence had been at work all the while, with a certain object in view. We will do what we can to remedy matters; and, pardon me,

me, sir, now that there is a man at the helm, I believe we will have no more trouble."

"You don't believe in a woman's ways, then?"

"Yes, decidedly, in her sphere; but Miss Westerly doesn't understand men and it is hard to tell her everything. She is kind, she is good, and has developed the mine in a wonderful way, but I believe the right man in charge will soon arrange matters so that these uprisings will never occur again," significantly.

"I comprehend; you mean a man would string up a few of these rascals as a warning that the owners of the El Dorado will not put up with such business. We have the man along with us who can do these things in style: Colonel Bob, as sheriff, is just the man for an affair of that kind."

"As I said, sir, once this matter is settled, we shall have no more trouble."

"Let us arrange a plan of action. If, as I believe, they mean to force our hand at once, this night shall see great times at the El Dorado, and I trust the morning sun will look upon us as victors in a just cause. The lesson must be severe; radical. I only hope that that infernal rascal of a Lopez gets in the way of a bullet; it will certainly expedite matters."

"And it wouldn't be a bad thing if that bull-fighter was also laid low; he is the only man I have ever feared."

"Jove! Barcelona here! He's after revenge," and Dick quickly relates how he and the Mexican have several times met, the last occasion in the presence of the multitude on the Alameda, and how Torcas, up to date, has had the worst of it.

"He came in just after dark, accompanied by the queerest little man you ever saw."

"That's Professor John—he's after bugs, but I reckon wouldn't be averse to accepting some stock in the El Dorado from the senior for services rendered. Jove! perhaps he now has an eye on Juanita, and hopes to inherit the whole of the Lopez claim."

"With a laugh at the grotesque Briton making love first to Dora, then to Miss Pauline, and finally to the Mexican beauty, for of all men the scientist is about the least favored with good looks and the qualities that go to make up a hero in the eyes of woman."

"Perhaps you are right, sir, but I can't conceive for the life of me how Miss Lopez, or any other girl for that matter, could see anything in that long-haired little Englishman, who, as you say, hunts bugs for a living. Still, there's no accounting for tastes, they say, and the right woman might come along, and take him under her protecting wing to raise," at which both of them laugh again.

"The situation is too serious, however, to admit of much levity. Dick knows he has the battle of his life before him, and that he must finish matters in this engagement. If he wins, the party of Miss Pauline will have no more trouble at the mine; on the other hand, should he lose, the

reformed will have reformers to deal with.

The chief exceptions to this rule are some mail order houses who sell direct to the country trade, at a very low price—frequently below the wholesale price of linseed oil. The buyer of such goods, like the buyer of a "gold brick," has only himself to blame if he finds his purchase worthless. With gold selling at any bank or mint at a fixed price, owners of gold do not sell it at a discount; and with linseed oil quoted everywhere at 50 to 70 cents a gallon, manufacturers do not sell a pure linseed oil paint at 30 or 40 cents a gallon.

The composition of prepared paints differs because paint experts have not yet agreed as to the best pigments and because the daily results of tests on a large scale are constantly improving the formulas of manufacturers; but all have come to the conclusion that the essentials of good paint are pure linseed oil, fine grinding and thorough incorporation, and in these particulars all the products of reputable manufacturers correspond; all first-class prepared paints are thoroughly mixed and ground and the liquid base is almost exclusively pure linseed oil, the necessary volatile "thinners" and Japan dryers.

The painter's opposition to such products is based largely on self-interest. He wants to mix the paint himself and to be paid for doing it, and to a certain class of painters it is no recommendation for a paint to say that it will last five or ten years. The longer a paint lasts the longer he will have to wait for the job of repainting. The latter consideration has no weight with the consumer, and the former is a false idea of economy. Hand labor can never be as cheap or as efficient as machine work, and every time the painter mixes paint, did he but know it, he is losing money, because he can buy a better paint than he can mix at less than it costs him to mix it.

Prepared paints have won, not only on their actual merits, but on their convenience and economy. They are comparatively cheap and they are incomparably handy. But when all is said, the experienced painter is the proper person to apply even a ready mixed paint. He knows better than anyone else the "when" and "how" and the difference between painting and "slathering" is much greater than it appears to a novice. Everyone to his trade, and after all painting is the painter's trade and not the householder's.

Between them they manage to arrange matters so that they must work well, and the Lopez party will no doubt be surprised to find their movements at least suspected if not quite forestalled.

Then the two men get to talking of the ways and means that may be employed in order to accomplish their purpose, and here it is that Dick gets the advantage of the chief engineer's remarkable powers of observation and organization.

Presently Miss Westerly corners her lover; Bob and Dora are engaged in a delightful examination, with the assistance of their hostess, of a book of views of the country around, the interior of the mine by flash-light, and scores of points of interest. These Alexander himself has taken, being a first class amateur photographer.

Then the ladies call upon them, and they are compelled to advance to the piano to join in the music; but as John Alexander does not sing, he takes advantage of the warmth and slips unnoticed from the room.

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# The Ypsilantian.

YPSILANTI, JUNE 21, 1906

Republican County Convention.  
The republican convention met in the Court House Monday and organized by placing H. G. Prettyman in the chair and electing John Lawson secretary.

The interest of the convention centered in the election of 16 delegates to the state convention, and the committee on permanent organization and order of business were beyond their limit in trying to instruct the convention as to the method of electing them. The plan showed a residuum of Judsonism in that it was cut and dried for giving the bosses entire control. The committee reported in favor of the appointment by the chair of ten men to select the 16 delegates, but a storm of opposition arose at once, and after a spirited discussion the plan was rejected by a vote of 80 to 53 and the delegates were appointed in the usual way.

Bossism got a very black eye and it is to be hoped that this will be the last attempt of the machine to override the sentiment in the county to allow the people to direct the movements of the republican party.

Owing to the press of commencement matters we are obliged to defer till next week the list of delegates and county committee.

"My child was burned terribly about the face, neck and chest," I applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. "The pain ceased, and the child sank into a restful sleep." —Mrs. Nancy M. Hanson, Hamburg, N.Y.

## THEY ARE NOT OUR KIND.

In discussing the heterogeneous mass of immigrants being thrown upon our shores, Mr. Broughton Brandenburg, president of the National Institute of Immigration, makes a point which is of far greater importance than either numbers or condition. "They are not our kind," he says; and when that is said everything is said concerning the influence of unchecked and indiscriminate immigration upon the permanence of our institutions. The day has gone past when there can be a shadow of pretense that these thousands of aliens seek this country for anything but the promise of big wages. They are not the oppressed seeking liberty; they have no conception of liberty that is not license; they do not understand that self-government is possible only to a people disciplined by individual self-government; their respect is not for the law but for the police. Optimists claim that a generation or two under the training of the public schools Americanizes their descendants, and quote the patriotic service of the foreign contingent in our army, but that by no means touches the heart of the question. A man may grow up with the outer semblance of an American without being imbued by the principles on which our American civilization is founded; he may follow the flag even unto death and not comprehend the national virtues which give that flag its sacredness. Our national character was wrought out of storm and stress and generations of struggle and hardship; these wage-seekers are not willing to go to the frontiers and endure the conditions through which our own generation has received its sturdiest virtues. "They are not our kind." They will never be our kind. The west and the northwest are peopled by the great-grandchildren of the colonial generations; New England still exists on the Western Reserve and all through the west New England ideas permeate our institutions and our legislation. They are still in sufficient control to constitute our saving grace. The south still clings, in all her better characteristics, to the traditions of the colonial times and the early days of the Republic. But can we look for the New England conscience or for southern sense of personal dignity or responsibility among the hordes which are drained from southeastern Europe? "They are not of our kind." That should be a potent reason why congress should act before the session closes on the restrictive immigration bill now before it.

The protests of the Perrin street residents between Cross and Ellis were filed. C. N. Corday's protest against the city's tearing up his old walk was referred to the street commissioner to report on. Second street residents' appeal for opening a street through Henry Brown's place for convenience of residents and delivery men was referred to streets and walks committee, city attorney and engineer. Petition for a walk on Sheridan street between Summit and Oakwood referred. Bell street walk was asked for on south end, referred to aldermen to report.

The walks of J. E. McGregor and W. W. Worden were ordered raised to grade at city expense, only  $\frac{1}{2}$  the cost of McGregor's walk to be defrayed by city.

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On motion of Ald. Brown \$100 was voted for a Fourth of July celebration in Prospect Park. A proposition from the Abbott Voting Machine Co. and one from the board of health against the use of fire arms were filed unread.

A bunch of sidewalks was ordered as recommended by the inspector.

The street commissioner was ordered to cut the weeds in the streets.

**Lax-ets—A Candy Bowel Laxative.**  
If you have Constipation,  
If you are coated tongue,  
If you are dizzy, bilious, sallow,  
If you have Headaches, Sour Stomach,  
etc., risk 5 cents on Lax-ets. See for  
yourself. Frank Smith.

## The D. A. R. Meeting.

The D. A. R. held their last meeting of the year at the home of Mrs. F. K. Owen Saturday. The plan of the work for next year was as follows: Sept. 15: vacation notes; Oct. 20, Tenth anniversary of Ypsilanti chapter; Nov. 17, Patriotic songs; Dec. 15, the Boston Tea Party; Jan. 19, Heroines of the Revolution; Feb. 16, Mt. Vernon; March 16, the American Navy in the Revolution; April 20, Benedict Arnold and Maj. Andre; May 18, annual reports; June 15, Old Fashioned flowers. Mrs. J. A. Watling sent an interesting account of the effort being made, endorsed by President Roosevelt, to purchase the McLean cottage at Appomattox in which Grant and Lee ended the civil war. It was taken down for erection at the world's fair and is in good condition. The paper of the day was by Mrs. C. W. Childs on "The Immigration Problem," and was an exceedingly interesting one. Mrs. Childs gave some astonishing statistics showing how rapidly immigration has increased since the civil war until now in one day nearly 12,000 aliens landed at Ellis Island. What is worse is that no longer are the comers of the northern European nations who made good American citizens, but of the Hun and Slav races, ignorant, bitterly hostile to all government, taking liberty for license and hopelessly unassimilable. An effort is being made to get them to go to the northwest and not to congest the eastern cities. Puritan New England is gone. Massachusetts and Connecticut are almost foreign states.

**WANTED—Gentleman or lady with good reference, to travel by rail or with a rig, for a firm of \$250,000.00 capital. Salary \$1,072.00 per year and expenses; salary paid weekly and expenses advanced. Address, with stamp, Jos. A. Alexander, Ypsilanti, Mich. \*8183**

**GENTLEMEN'S LIST.**  
Boynton, M. S. Graham, Thomas Billings, Walter Jackson, Ernest Eddinger, Max Marsh, Geo A Pearce—557 Forest ave.

**LADIES' LIST.**  
Davis, Mrs Emma Meyers, Miss Elsie Jackson, Mrs Davis Post, Zehn

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

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## For that Dandruff

There is one thing that will cure it—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a regular scalp-medicine. It quickly destroys the germs which cause this disease. The unhealthy scalp becomes healthy. The dandruff disappears, had to disappear. A healthy scalp means a great deal to you—healthy hair, no dandruff, no pimples, no eruptions. The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla. Pills. Cherry Pectoral.

Council Proceedings.

The city council Monday voted to accept the plan to keep the Michigan Pressed Steel Co. here, the city to put up a building of cement blocks 200 by 60 feet opposite the ladder factory, taking in exchange, the present factory and having a clause by which the new building shall revert to the city in case the company leaves.

Ald. Colvan's motion to hire a city engineer at a salary not over \$2500 was lost, Ald. Norton, Vandewalker, Colvan and Max voting aye.

A storm sewer was ordered on E. Congress street from Grove west to the river. A cement arch was ordered over the Lowell street creek.

\$500 was borrowed from the National bank for the paving fund and \$70 for the park fund overdraft from the contingent fund.

W. B. Seymour was named special assessor, Will Knisely having resigned.

A storm sewer was ordered on Cross street from Oakwood to Ellis, and the Perrin street sewer extended to Pearl.

Geo. Jackson's bill for half the phone for seven years, \$61.18, was held out.

Ald. Colvan, Brown and Stevens recommended that the question of putting all wires underground be submitted to the people next election.

As the River street curbing is out of shape because of the washing out of the bank, it was thought the contractor should be notified to rebuild it, and the curbing inspector was ordered to make out a list of all defective curbs and report.

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**A Fire In Rome.**  
A lawyer who visited Rome tells how the fire department grappled with a blaze in the Eternal City. He says:

"The fire was in what we would call a grocery store. It seemed a long time before the fire department responded, but after awhile I saw a hose wagon dash around the corner, with a number of firemen standing on the running boards on each side. The wagon stopped at a hydrant, and each fireman jumped from the wagon with a little roll of hose. The first man coupled his to the hydrant, and then each man coupled his section to the preceding section. Finally they had water on the fire, and after another long period a man with a plumed hat drove up in a victoria. He was the chief. The captain of the company and the chief saluted with much ceremony, then shook hands and then held a long and dignified conversation. Finally, I suppose, the captain told the chief the grocery was on fire, and the chief acknowledged it was and complimented him on his perspicuity. Oh, yes, they finally put the fire out, and Rome still stands!"

**Difficult Haymaking.**

One of the most curious sights that one notices in the agricultural parts of Norway is the peculiar way of drying out the hay. On account of the extreme dampness the grass rots if left on the ground after it is mowed. Wooden drying fences that stretch for hundreds of yards across the fields are built, and every night the hay is hung out to dry, like the family wash. The sun helps along in the daytime, but it is only a half hearted help, and in the neighborhood of Bergen, where it is said to rain 364 days out of the year, the hay is almost always "on the fence." In the lake districts, where the hilly country makes means of transportation very difficult, a heavy copper wire is stretched from the top of a mountain to the village in the valley below. Down this huge masses of hay are sent sailing through the air, sometimes whizzing dangerously near the unwary tourist's head. —New York Tribune.

**Yes, We Are Restless.**

"We are a restless people," observes the Sedgwick (Kan.) Pantagraph. "Every thin woman longs to be fat. Every fat woman wants to grow thin. Every town man longs for the time when he can retire to the quiet of the country, and every farmer hopes to some day quit work and move to town, where he can take life easy. Country newspaper men would like to try their hand on a city daily. The fellows on the big dailies dream of a time when they can own a paper of their own. In youth we long for maturity. In age we yearn for the happy days of childhood. There is no excuse for it other than that we all seem to be built that way. The grass seems to be just a little bit greener and thirstier most any direction from the place you occupy right now. Contentment is as near to happiness as you can get in this world."

**Men Who Walked on All Fours.**

In the kingdom of Poland there was formerly a law according to which any person found guilty of slander was compelled to walk on all fours through the streets of the town where he lived accompanied by the beadle, as a sign that he was disgraced and unworthy of the name of man. At the next public festival the delinquent was forced to appear crawling upon hands and knees underneath a dogcart. Every guest was at liberty to give him as many kicks as he chose, and he who had been slandered must toward the end of the banquet throw a picked bone at the culprit, who, picking it up with his mouth, would leave the room on all fours.

**No Peace For Discoverers.**

It is remarkable how few of the discoverers and conquerors of the new world died in peace. Columbus died of a broken heart, Balboa was dismembered, Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded, Cortes was dismembered, Pizarro was murdered, Ojeda died in poverty and Henry Hudson was left to the mercy of the Indians along the bay which he discovered. —Detroit Free Press.

**Don't Kill the Hawk.**

Man has sinned more than any other animal in trifling with nature's balance. Clover crops and the killing of hawks are apparently unrelated, yet the hawks eat the field mice, the field mice prey on the immature bees, and the bees fertilize the clover blossoms. The death of a hawk means an overincrease of field mice and a consequent destruction of the bees.—Country Life in America.

**A Charity Dance.**

Awkward Spouse—see our set is to have a grand charity ball. Did you ever dance for charity? Pretty Wife. Of course. Don't you remember how I used to take pity on you and dance with you when we first met?—London Telegraph.

**His Wish.**

They had just moved into a new house, and they stood surveying the situation. "I wish," she said, "that this carpet was velvet." "I don't," responded the husband unfeeling. "I wish it was down."

**Escaped Her Too.**

Elderly Man (greeting lady acquaintance) I remember your face perfectly, miss, but your name has escaped me. The Young Woman—I don't wonder. I escaped me three years ago. I am married now.

**The Guide's Measure.**

"Things have come to a pretty pass," remarked the guide as he led Algernon and Percy into the Yosemite valley—Lampoon.

**"Banter"** is a word whose origin no scholar can trace.

**Follwing the Flag.**

When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines health was the most important consideration. Willis T. Morgan, retired Commissary Sergeant U. S. A., of Rural Route 1, Concord, N. H., says: "I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which kept me in perfect health. And now, in New Hampshire, we find it the best medicine in the world for coughs, colds, bronchial troubles and all lung diseases. Guaranteed by Smith Brothers and Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews druggists. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free."

**Hippocratic Era In Medicine.**

Richard Cole Newton declares that even in the early days of the Hippocratic era the art of surgery eschewed all forms of superstition and philosophical conjecture, attaining practical results by direct methods. At a very early age the profession of medicine was fully recognized in Greece and in many cases was generously rewarded. We read of swindlers and charlatans in those days too. Patent medicines were also sold. The Hippocratic oath, which for over twenty centuries has remained practically unchanged, is an evidence of the sagacity, the sense of professional honor and responsibility and the clear thinking of the Greeks. Hippocrates was born on the island of Cos in 460 B. C. A large collection of writings, evidently the work of many physicians, whose identity is unknown, has been ascribed to the pen of this leader. The Greeks were wonderfully brilliant in medical attainments, for they studied nature and her methods and shook themselves free from a monumental load of ignorance and superstition. The synchronous development of mind and body was the fundamental rule, both of health and education.—Medical Record.

**Origin of "Stationer."**

According to Pierre de Blois, the title "stationer" was applied to one class of bookseller long before the seventeenth century, though that may have been the period when it came to refer to any seller of books. He distinguishes between the librarii and the stationarii, who had both become so numerous in Paris in 1259 that certain regulations had to be made for their control. The former were agents for the sale and loan of manuscripts, a large sum of money being deposited when a manuscript was lent, while the latter, allowed to have stations or stalls in the markets, were sellers and copiers of manuscripts. At the time he wrote there were twenty-nine brokers and stationers in Paris, not very dangerous number, one would think, considering that Paris from the twelfth to the fifteenth century was considered the chief seat of learning.—London Standard.

**Wished It Was Saturday Night.**

One of our best known manufacturers, whose business for years has been done by traveling salesmen, made up his mind to call personally upon his New York city trade as an excuse to get to New York, a place he had not visited in twenty years. The gorgeousness of the hotels made a great impression upon him. The best was none too good, as he has plenty of money, and he is not afraid to spend it when away from home, so he put up at one of the palatial hostels and had a suit of rooms. When he returned he told his friends of the magnificence of the place, the fine furniture, the beautiful decorations and the finely appointed bathroom. "The best skating is always on thin ice—we like to feel it crack and yield under our feet. There is a deadly fascination in the thought of twenty or thirty feet of cold water beneath. Last year's mortality list cuts no ice with us. We must make our own experiments, while Dr. Experience screens himself hoarse from his bonfire on the bank. He has held many an inquest on this darkling shore of the river of time, and is well undoubtably live to hold many another, but thus far we have not been the subjects, and when it comes to the mistakes of others we are all delighted to serve on the coroner's jury. It isn't well for us to be saved from too many blunders. We need the discipline of failure. It is better to fall than never to try, and the man who can contemplate the graveyard of his own hopes without bitterness will not always be ignored by the gods of success.—Meredith Nicholson in Reader.

**The Discipline of Failure.**

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# The Ypsilantian.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON XIII, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JUNE 24.

Text of the Lesson, A Comprehensive Quarterly Review — Golden Text, John vii, 46—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1900, by American Press Association.]

LESSON I.—The two foundations (Matt. vii, 15-29). Golden Text, Jas. i, 22, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." God is a God of truth, Jesus Christ is the truth, the Spirit is the Spirit of truth, but there is an enemy who is the father of lies, and there is no truth in him. Deceit and lying are peculiarly his own. This enemy has many followers who talk well, but they are all talk. They say and do not.

LESSON II.—Jesus and the Sabbath (Matt. xii, 1-14). Golden Text, Ex. xx, 8, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." There is a religiousness which is for man's approbation and yet thinks to please God. Such was that of the Pharisees, for all their works they did to be seen of men (Matt. xxiii, 5). They perverted the Lord's days and feasts by using them for their own ends, and thus made idols of them. Jesus by His good works on the Sabbath days sought to enlighten them and give the day its right place for God and man.

LESSON III.—Jesus' power over disease and death (Luke vii, 1-17). Golden Text, John xi, 25, "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life." Power over all the power of the enemy, all power in heaven and earth, are His (Luke x, 19; Matt. xxviii, 20), and this lesson illustrates two phases of that power—the one dependent upon the faith of the centurion and the other seemingly without faith on the part of any one; just His own compassion for the widow.

LESSON IV.—Jesus, the sinner's friend (Luke vii, 30-50). Golden Text, Luke vii, 50: "Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace." Here we have a self-righteous Pharisee, a sinner, but he did not know it, and a poor sinner who was very conscious of it and truly penitent. The sinner becomes truly saved and goes her way with the assurance of sins forgiven, while the self-righteous man continues in his sins because he knew not that he needed a Saviour.

LESSON V.—The parable of the sower (Mark iv, 1-20). Golden Text, Luke viii, 11, "The seed is the word of God." The Pharisees who hated Him having decided to kill Him, He then began to teach in parables that the willfully blind might not see. This first parable and also the second, our next lesson, He explained when close with the disciples so fully that they had in them the key to all parables and to His purpose during this age of His rejection.

LESSON VI.—The parable of the tares (Matt. xxii, 24-30, 36-43). Golden Text, Gal. vi, 7, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The seed of last lesson is in this one; those who receive that seed thus become the children of God. During this age tares and wheat, the ungodly and the godly, grow together till the end of the age at the return of our Lord. The zeal of the devil in sowing his tares should infect the children of God to more zeal.

LESSON VII.—A fierce demoniac healed (Mark v, 1-20). Golden Text, Mark v, 18, "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." From Gen. iii the conflict is on between the Lord and the devil for man and his inheritance, the earth, but when God became incarnate in the Son of Mary it would seem as if the devil sought to imitate this. The mystery is that, having such power, as is manifest in this lesson, He should tolerate the devil at all, but his time will come.

LESSON VIII.—Death of John the Baptist (Mark vi, 14-29). Golden Text, Eph. vi, 18, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." Here is a seeming victory for the devil in his being permitted to accomplish the death of John the Baptist, but it is only as far as human sight can see and for a brief period. The real gain was John's (Phil. 1, 21, 29). He had the victory in being faithful unto death (Rev. ii, 10). They buried his body, not himself.

LESSON IX.—Feeding the 5,000 (Mark vi, 30-44). Golden Text, John vi, 32, "My Father giveth you the true bread from Heaven." The hungry multitudes, famished in body and soul, suggest the condition of the whole earth even today. The disciples' "Send them away" is the expression of most believers, but the Lord's "Give ye them to eat" is the word for each believer now as then.

LESSON X.—The gentle woman's faith (Mark viii, 24-30). Golden Text, Matt. xv, 28, "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilst." Here is another case of demon possession, a helpless little girl delivered by her mother's appeal to Jesus. There are still many demon possessed children and the very same Jesus, but where are the humble, trustful, persistently believing mothers taking their right place before Him?

LESSON XI.—Peter's great confession (Matt. xvi, 13-28). Golden Text, Matt. xvi, 16, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." The sufferings of Christ and the glory that shall follow (I Pet. 1, 11) are set forth here in connection with His first reference to His church, and we are taught that as the members of His body, the church, we must be content to walk with Him in self-renunciation and humiliation.

LESSON XII.—The transfiguration (Luke ix, 28-36). Golden Text, Luke ix, 35, "This is my beloved Son; hear him." There is a reward and a glory which will far more than compensate for all the suffering we may be called upon to endure here for His sake. It will not be until the resurrection of the just, for then only will the kingdom come.

LESSON XIII.—The Sunday School (Luke ix, 38-43). Golden Text, Luke ix, 42, "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils." Here we have the command to heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils, and the like.

LESSON XIV.—The parable of the talents (Matt. xxv, 14-30). Golden Text, Matt. xxv, 29, "To him that hath been given much, more shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away."

LESSON XV.—The parable of the vineyard workers (Matt. xx, 1-16). Golden Text, Matt. xx, 15, "The master of the vineyard said unto his servants, Behold, the husbandman sent me unto you to work in my vineyard, saying, Work ye in my vineyard, and I will give you a reward."

LESSON XVI.—The parable of the two sons (Matt. xxii, 15-22). Golden Text, Matt. xxii, 15, "The master of the house said unto his servants, Bring forth the hirelings, and pay them their wages, beginning at the last to the first."

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## WHAT TO DO WITH THE QUEEN OF MOONSHINERS PUZZLES U. S. OFFICIALS

Authorities Feel They Must Have Recourse to Strenuous Action to Restrain Betsy Simms.

## YOUNG, FEARLESS, AND IDOL OF OUTLAWS

In Prison for Dealing in Whisky That Had Paid No Revenue, She Severely Cuts Jailer in Attempt to Escape—Three Indictments Now Against Her.

Much as has been written of the ways and doings of the mountaineers of North Carolina, any person at all familiar with the lives of the inhabitants of that romantic region cannot but feel that the half has not been told.

Loyal to a degree that holds life worth nothing if a friend can be served, an enemy punished or a traitor put to death, the mountaineer is typical of a state of existence the world has long outgrown.

The average man of more sedate temperament and cooler blood leaves the avenging of his wrongs to courts of law and the judgment of his fellows, but in the mountains each man is a court of law unto himself, and is not satisfied with the slow methods of justice with which other communities are conversant.

It has been found a matter of monumental difficulty to impress upon these people that there is wrong in the making of "moonshine" whisky. To them the product of the corn they grow is theirs, whether it is converted into the staff of life or the delectable liquid of the worm and still. The efforts of the "Revenoers" to put a stop to the distilling of the juice of the corn necessarily, therefore, are not looked upon with favor, and conflicts with the officers of the law are frequent. Just now the federal officials have a complication to deal with which is more than usually knotty.

### "Queen" Now in Jail.

"The best looking gal in the mountains," Betsy Sims, "Queen of the Moonshiners," is languishing in the big and lonesome jail at Columbus, the high-up little mountain town which is the county seat of Polk, one of the smallest and most isolated of the North Carolina counties. What to do with her is the problem puzzling the authorities.

Betsy, though only 22, is as daring and well versed a woman, both in the ways of making whisky and of sell-



BETSY SIMS

ing it, as one could find in that wild country, even in a full day's ride, and she is as pretty as she is adroit and daring, with a killing pair of eyes, bright and well-filled cheeks and hair which defies conventionalities. Betsy has cut no little figure in Polk county since she was 16, for even at that early age she began her work as a seller of contraband whisky. She made herself such a figure, in fact, that even the older moonshiners began to look up to her and in their rude way to idolize the plucky girl, who had been bred all her life to think the selling of whisky was an act of the very best sort, and that the "revenoers" were a race of people who deserved only death and who were sent out as oppressors of the people. Such is the faith which is literally the backbone of Betsy's point of view, and that of her moonshiner companions, who make corn whisky in the shaded and well-hidden hollows in the mountains, through which run streams whose waters are always just cool enough to give the distillery worms the right touch.

### Capture of Betsy.

Betsy has year by year become more and more daring, and more beautiful. A few months ago she became extremely bold in her sales of whisky, going to and from the stills, sometimes alone, and sometimes with male companions. Finally the state authorities decided it was time to stop her, so they sent three deputy sheriffs for Betsy. The deputies had

found at the home of a moonshiner not far from the little town, brought back and tried, and the judge decided to make an example of the bold young creature by sending her to jail at Columbus for four months.

### Astonished the Moonshiners.

The moonshiners were simply paralyzed by the sentence, for some of them thought that Betsy bore a charmed life, so to speak, and one of them, in an outburst of admiration, had said on the third day that she would "come clay," and that "no jedge an' no jury can tech her, in my min'" But Betsy had not quite reached the limit of her resources. The jail at Columbus is an old-fashioned barn of a structure, three stories high and of brick, and is generally shabby tenanted. It happened that when Betsy first entered its walls a man was there on his way to the penitentiary to serve 12 months for the practice of the gentle art of manslaughter, he having in some kind of mix-up slain a fellow-mountaineer with a knife, and "gittin' off light," as the other side of the case put it. Betsy was put on the second floor of the jail, this prisoner

stairway and set fire to the trap-door, burning a hole therein, through which Chalmers descended. He and Betsy, after passing the compliments of the day, for they were acquainted, decided on the mode of action, and then Chalmers fell to work to make a hole through the side of the jail, while Betsy made a rope out of blankets and bedding, and arranged such goods and chattels as she had with her in shape for quick removal. Chalmers, with true gallantry, decided that it was best for him to go through the hole first, thus testing the latter, and, incidentally, the rope below. Out he got and fiddled away.

### Nearly Vanquishes Jailer.

Betsy was going, too, but as she was half-way through the hole she felt the rude hands of the jailer upon her, and was hauled back into the room. This aroused her fighting instinct to the limit, and like a lioness she sprang upon the jailer, who had a bad quarter of an hour, for not only was Betsy a good wrestler, but a star hair-puller and scratcher. Not satisfied with these accomplishments, she whipped out a knife and cut the jailer



THE FIGHT WITH THE JAILER



PURSUED BY REVENOERS



IN A MOONSHINER'S CAMP

five times. He was compelled to knock her down and then to tie her hands and feet.

The matter was at once reported to the judge, who ordered that she be placed in the strongest cell and closely watched, and at the next term of court she will be indicted for an assault with intent to kill, not to speak of another indictment for attempt to escape. Some of her moonshiner friends have in a quiet way made threats that she will not stay in jail long, but the county authorities say they can hold her.

Betsy's exploit in the jail has given her an added importance and value among her associates.

## The Vacation System and Business

By CHARLES F. PIDGIN.

trated to a comparatively slight extent. The great mass of working people do not in any large measure enjoy vacations, except such as they take with loss of pay.

In some degree, however, this question is kindred to the question whether shorter hours and better conditions for labor have had a good or a bad effect on business. The answer to this question, of course, is easy, because the figures are at hand to prove the increased productivity of the American workingman in the more favorable environment.

Still the direct question of how business has been affected by the summer vacation system admits also of a direct answer. It may be said decisively that it has not hurt business wherever it has been tried.

If it has not been tried on a very extensive scale, speaking comparatively, it yet has been tried on a sufficiently extensive scale to prove its merits. In the case of the salaried clerk distinct benefits undoubtedly have followed the introduction of the summer vacation system.

In the first place, the person who looks forward to a vacation has constantly in mind a goal at the end of which is a certain prize. Other things being equal, the position that offers him a vacation offers to him a distinct attraction. He aims to retain that position during the months preceding the vacation season, and he looks forward to the prospect with pleasurable anticipation. It is often a joy that lightens toil.

The employer himself, I think, is ready to testify that he is the better off, as well as the employee, for the rest and recreation that the employee obtains on a vacation. A tired employee may be as ineffective as a lazy one, and the wise employer appreciates this fact.

Again, there is an economic advantage in the present vacation system, because it tends to take so many thousands of people out of the city every year for a period of two weeks or more, who distribute their expenditures in travel and in country places, which are developed in many ways by the money that the summer visitors bring.

The summer visitor has been the builder, to a great extent, of prosperous towns and communities, that but for his visits would have remained undeveloped.

Travel is a good thing for the traveler, for the railroad, and for everybody whom the traveler meets or with whom he sojourns.

This is a phase of the summer vacation system that has been of distinct advantage to business.

*Charles F. Pidgin.*

## CONCERNING DRESS

### LOOK OUT WELL FOR HEALTH—ABOUT DAINTESS.

A Schoolgirl's Thin Waist That Invited Pneumonia—If You Would Have Soft, Beautiful Hair, Go Without Hats in the Hot Months—Change Your Out-of-Door Shoes for Others as Soon as You Are Indoors—Dainty Underclothing Characterizes the Refined Schoolgirl.

### BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In order to be healthy, the dress we wear must be suited to the season, the weather and the business we have in hand. We are now in the midst of spring with soft airs, sudden showers, bright sunshine, and every other delightful thing that belongs to the most charming part of the year. But last December, although we had what is called an open winter, there were piercing winds and sultry skies, and much of the time the temperature was somewhere in the neighborhood of the freezing point.

A friend of mine had occasion to take a train one December afternoon from New York to Albany. Midway on the journey the train stopped and among the passengers who stepped aboard was a pretty girl with a jacket over her arm, no hat on her head, and protected from the weather only by a thin shirt-waist, with short sleeves. The shirt-waist was dainty and pretty and trimmed with lace and embroidery, but nevertheless, on that day and in that atmosphere, the girl's dress was an invitation to gripe and pinch.

They wore wretchedly thin shoes with soles like paper, pointed toes and pointed heels. The roads in those days were muddy and the girls were afraid to go out when it rained. Their dresses were of muslin, close and clinging, with baby waists that ended under the arm-pits, and in the house and out most of them wore either turbans or caps of muslin and lace trimmed with flowers, velvet and ribbons.

All last winter, any one who chose to look might see beautiful New York girls walking on Fifth avenue, in the afternoon, with furs around their necks while their feet were shod with low shoes and their short skirts left visible the most elaborate open-work stockings. This was certainly not a healthful style of dress. I trust not a single school-girl left her mother's home garbed in so stupid a fashion.

Now that warm weather is here, the problem has less difficulty and the element of protection from cold is eliminated. You are rather better off without hats than with them in summer, unless the sun is blazing and you need to be screened from its direct rays.

If you would like to have thick, soft and beautiful hair, you will run about without a hat whenever you can. Mornings and evenings a jacket may be necessary and a golf cap in the mountains or at the shore is a very comfortable addition to a girl's wardrobe. When sitting out doors on a summer evening, it is always well to have a wrap and either a golf cape, a rug or one of those sensible cloaks with hoods and pockets made so neatly by our Shaker friends, will fill the need to perfection.

A school-girl's dress should be well fitting and its weight hanging from the shoulder, should never be allowed to become an impediment. An elderly lady whose girlhood was passed 50 years ago, in a southern state, tells me that she remembers when every girl's mother did her best to squeeze her daughter's waist into very small compass, and that a girl sometimes wore tied around that same slender waist eight or nine very stiffly starched petticoats at the same time. It was small wonder that the girls of those days too often went into a decline and early faded out of existence. Those who survived were delicate and fainted away at any slight shock, had very precarious appetites, and would have been amazed at the rude health of the girls of our time.

Whatever you do, girls, be sure that

(Copyright, 1896, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

of shaded flowered silk, heavy in quality and many colored. These shades are trimmed at the top and around the bottom with gold lace in bands, on which are tiny garlands of ribbon work flowers which carry out the design and color of the silk. Another innovation is the trimming of the panelled shades with shirred white gauze ribbon. This is used to outline all the panels and around the top and bottom. One flowered shade made over a pink lining had this ribbon outlining the panels and a border also of braid and fringe in white silk.

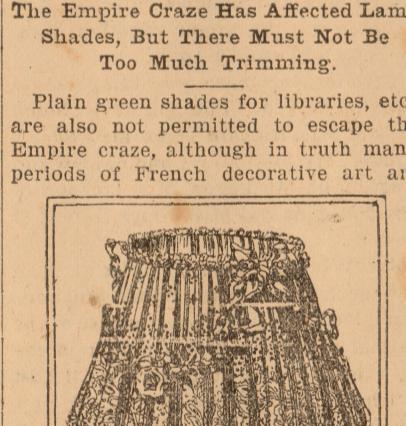
Many of these shades, whether of silk, lace, cretonne or paper, have two scant flowerings of liberty silk which has been fringed out along the edge hanging down beneath the fringe to its very end. These are used to make the light softer than it would be falling through the fringe alone.

The chiffon and very elaborate lace or silk shades are also made with many fluffy underskirts as a ballet dancer; but it is always a question whether an overelaboration of chiffon is really beautiful on a lamp. After all, it is a piece of furniture that a lamp must more or less be considered. It needs a certain rigidity of line.

A NEW SHADE.

The Empire Craze Has Affected Lamp Shades, But There Must Not Be Too Much Trimming.

Plain green shades for libraries, etc., are also not permitted to escape the Empire craze, although in truth many periods of French decorative art are



A NEW SHADE.

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## STRAWBERRIES AND INSANE

Eastern Expert Makes Some Interesting Observations on the Subject.

Denver.—Do more persons go insane during the strawberry season than at any other period of the year? If so, why?

According to Dr. E. P. Blomer, a Buffalo physician and alienist of reputation in the east, the statistics regarding the insanity of the country in general show that each year there is a marked increase in the number of persons who become insane by the time the strawberry season is well under way. When the fruit disappears from the daily table, he asserts, records of different asylums show the number of cases decreases.

Dr. Blomer advanced his views on the subject to C. E. Hagar, secretary of the state board of charities and corrections, during a visit to the state house. He is on his way to the Pacific coast to get definite statistics from

insane hospitals in California and other western states, and will visit the Colorado asylum on his return journey.

Dr. Blomer said he was unable to explain why insanity cases should be more numerous during the time when shortcake and berries and cream are in general use, but added that he was firmly convinced there was some peculiar influence exerted on persons of a certain nervous temperament by strawberries. Their effect on some persons physically, he said, was shown to all physicians. Many are unable to eat one dish of strawberries without suffering from a rash which covers the entire body. Dr. Blomer believes that in the case of some persons the mind is affected instead of the body.

Secretary Haber had never heard the story before, but declared that the next time he visited the state hospital he would go over the records carefully in search of corroboration of the views of Dr. Blomer.

Remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

CHILD'S AWFUL SKIN HUMOR

Screamed with Pain—Suffering Nearly Broke Parent's Heart—Speedily Cured by Cuticura.

"I wish to inform you that the Cuticura Remedies have put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with my son. As an infant I noticed on his body a red spot, and treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. The longer the doctor treated him the worse it grew. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At night it would be cracked, inflamed and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. When I think of his suffering it nearly breaks my heart. His screams could be heard down stairs. The suffering of my son made me full of misery. I had no ambition to work, to eat, nor could I sleep. One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable, and gave it up for a bad job. One evening I saw an article in the paper about the wonderful Cuticura and decided to give it a trial. I tell you that Cuticura Ointment is worth its weight in gold; and when I had used the first box of Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, my child was cured. He is now twelve years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. Michael Steinman, 7 Summer Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1905."

### ORACULAR OBSERVATIONS.

Many a good resolution quickly runs down at the heel.

A pretty girl can teach a man most anything but good common sense.

It pays to look a mule in the face when you have anything to say to him.

About half of the things bought on credit would not be bought if cash were demanded.

Have you noticed that the bottom of a cup of joy that runs over is seldom far from the top?

It's a good deal better to think poetry than to write it, and better to write it than to print it.

### DOES YOUR BACKACHE?

Cure the Kidneys and the Pain Will Never Return.

Only one way to cure an aching back. Cure the cause, the kidneys. Thousands tell of cures made by Doan's Kidney Pills. John C. Coleman, a prominent merchant of Swainsboro, Ga., says: "For several years my kidneys were affected, and my back ached day and night. I was languid, nervous and lame in the morning. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me right away, and the great relief that followed has been permanent."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### Hard to Shut Up.

"Putting a parrot in a strong cage," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "doesn't shut the bird up altogether."—Yonkers Statesman.

"De reason," said Uncle Eben, "why de elephant an' de mule figures so much in politics is dat one alus wants to be on parade an' de other is alus ready to kick."—Washington Star.

## Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

(Copyright, 1905, by Olivia B. Strohm.)

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Winslow sat in a brown study for a moment. Suddenly he spoke. "Come with us. Our boat is not a fine nor a commodious one, but its best is at your service. Come."

Overcome with relief, the tears filled her eyes. "I am weak, and cannot thank you. You are kind, and kindness is a luxury we soon learn to do without. But while I thank you, I cannot accept your offer. Besides my sons, I have two guests. I cannot leave them."

"You need not leave them," Winslow urged. "I will explain your situation to my comrades, but for their consent I can vouch. We will find room for everybody—such as it is."

Mrs. Blennerhasset's sensible, earnest face relaxed in a grateful smile. She took his hand in silence.

"Then let us consider it settled," he said, cheerfully, "and prepare to start at dawn to-morrow. To champion ladies in distress will give new zest to our enterprise."

"I see, sir. Wayfarers, even traitors, though you are called, you are to be knights-errant, too."

CHAPTER III.

A thick mist hung over the island when, at sunrise next day, the boat with its little band of voyagers set out on the journey down the Ohio.

There were none to molest them, the soldiers yet asleep after the drunken carouse of the night previous. The island in its dressing gown of fog through which the rising sun blincked stupidly, was but a dark blur between the lighter gray of river and sky. They seemed a ghostly crew setting out from the land of shadows, as silently they moved with the noiseless stream. A bleak wind blew off shore, bringing frosty promises of earnest winter.

Two women, pale and somber-eyed, leaned against the railing aft, watching the island recede and fade until it seemed a mirage caught in the long shafts of growing, purple light. With every leap of the narrow craft they were being borne away to a new life.

But in Mrs. Blennerhasset's mind regret had little place. A ruined home—a present helplessness, were light evils to an ambition so strong, a courage so dauntless and a hope that would not see defeat. She gazed with wide, restless eyes at the biot in the fog, which she had once called home. Then resolutely turned her gaze westward.

"Come, look ahead, dear," she said to Mrs. Creighton. "Let us go into the cabin and make merry with the rest. Think only of the future; we are beginning again."

Mrs. Creighton tried to smile in answer. "I will join you in a moment," she said.

But, left alone, the smile died from her lips, the color from her eyes. For to this woman—no longer young, to whom worldly ambition seemed a will-o'-the-wisp, "beginning again" was a task not worth while. Before her mental vision swept a swift phantasma goria in which past, present and future were strangely mingled.

She saw the home they had lately left, that spot of all to her most sacred, the home of others. On the hearth burned a stranger's fire; the old paths were trodden by other feet; her flowers were spoil for other hands.

And then fancy tried to picture the home awaiting her—that new home in the far west which her husband and son had gone to prepare, that beyond the great river they might begin life again. But between these two—the dear home she had left and the one in store, there were wild forests, yet wilder men, and that great mysterious barrier, the Mississippi.

But it was not in her nature to rebel at the inevitable.

Too wise in experience for high expectations, and too philosophic for despair, she had also fine optimism, a faith in the future. And it was easier to leave now, that the old home was no longer theirs. The claim to the grant of land in the old Dominion was declared invalid, their title contested. Gradually their savings had been swept away, until, after the havoc of legal battle, no property remained. Ruined, broken in spirit, Mr. Creighton had gone to the new country—to that far western territory—that land where, so swift had been the change of masters, there yet waved the flags of Spain, of France and of the new republic. There, if fortune awaited him, he could spend a few years, at last to go back, his head high, a prosperous dweller in the old haunts. If not—then let the wilderness swallow up his failure.

His wife, and daughter, too, had left Virginia, but had intended remaining on Blennerhasset island until spring. But now their friends were involved in a deep undertaking; one, indeed, which, as it unraveled, was proving perilous, perhaps disastrous.

This protection, denied them, they must, nevertheless, continue the journey, but how, and under what guidance? They had little money and no influence. So far they were safe with Mrs. Blennerhasset and her party, but soon their paths diverged, and then—

Lavender's voice recalled her.

"Mother, let us go in; you are cold."

The girl had been talking to the man at the pole, and turned to see her mother, the poise of whose head, the droop of whose shoulders, indicated sorrowful reflection.

Lavender, in her brilliant cloak, with a flush on her fair cheek, seemed to concentrate within her own glad self, all the radiance and glow of the morning. As the elder lingered, with wistful gaze on the swirl of water, she continued, pleadingly:

"Don't be drowsome, dearest—surely, you are hopeful of our success and happiness in the new life?"

"It is never best to be too sanguine, daughter; hope is the mother of disappointment; faith and love are the best of the trio."

Lavender's eyes grew moist and all the violet in them paled to the gray of the morning. Her mother smiled

and clasped the little mittened hand which rested on the arm of her chair.

"I am glad you are hopeful, sweet child; glad that for you the future is so rich in promise. But it is in youth that the rainbow takes its glimmer from the gold at the farther tip. At my age, dear, you will have learned to value the glory most because it shines through tears."

At this point they were interrupted by Mr. Winslow. "I beg your pardon, ladies, but I am sent as envoy-in-extraordinary to call you in to breakfast. I can recommend our johnnycakes; they have, indeed, stood the trip wonderfully. And your servant bade me add that she has a bowl of quid-dancy—whatever that may be. It certainly sounds like something very remarkable."

Laughing and talking brightly, they went in to breakfast.

The meal was served in a small, dark-raftered room, cosy with a glowing fireplace. Here America presided with all the strength of her ungrainy body and loyal heart. She, alone, of the servants, insisted upon accompanying the party. "Am I gwine?" and she repeated Lavender's words. "Well, honey, I jes' wish I was as plum shoo Heaven as I am o' cavortin' round dat ole Noxy's ark!"

The owners of the rude boat to which America thus alluded were, for the most part, gay youths from the eastern cities, who, for varied reasons, had chosen to follow the fortunes of Aaron Burr.

Those among them to whom he was personally known, had been carried away by his magnetic presence; others by party preferences, but more, like Charles Winslow, were here in obedience to a longing for change, with moderate hopes of fame and fortune. If there were schemes afoot against their country—if there were peril to its flag in the proposed expedition—they were ignorant of it. Burr's public successes had awoken in them an admiration which no later disgrace could subdue. Hence their zeal in a cause which originally undertaken from motives of personal gain, was, by hostile opposition, converted into a crusade for the vindication of their leader. All were enraged at what they considered unwarranted interference on the part of the authorities, and this indignation was roused under conditions which barred sober thought; at a time when party feeling ran high; when, if, as seldom, men held impartial opinions, they were confined to private individuals. The truth concerning those in official power was largely obscured by the mist of calumny or the glamor of worship.

At dusk of the first day on the river, Lavender was standing on the roof which served as promenade deck. A light snow began to fall. She watched the white flakes drift reluctantly into the black water that leaped and foamed to meet them. Dark treacherous snags reared their jagged heads. Cerebrus-like, the foam from the keel circling in a white lather about their giant mouths.

The hills rose bare and rugged on either side, without sign of life; she might have been a lonely passenger on the river Styx, with the man at the pole a silent Charon.

Shivering, she turned to go and it was with a start of pleasure that she

saw Winslow's figure loom out of the fog. She was glad of this interruption to her quiet brooding. Morbid fancies came to her as unwelcome guests, and she only smiled at Winslow, and turned to look again at the foam-flecked path they had come.

"You are staring at the river regretfully, as though it were a gray ribbon unwinding between you and everything good," he said.

She shook her head. "On the contrary, it is bearing me along with what I love most, to everything that is most dear."

"Then you do not dread the change?"

"I do not," she replied.

"Are you so fickle toward old loves, old things, old places?"

She turned to him with a rueful smile. "You give me credit for deeper feelings than I possess. I am both so shallow and so optimistic that I always think the new is to be as good as the old. For that reason I am, perhaps, easily reconciled to change. Besides I will have both—the old and the new."

"But the old will be only a memory—a legacy."

"Well," she admitted, "are not memories sweet? Do we not enjoy legacies?"

"But they presuppose loss."

She frowned and shook her head in playful remonstrance. "You are making me gloomy; let us go below."

A little later, they joined the others in the cabin.

Here, about the fire was gathered the group of travelers, and Winslow and Lavender paused in the doorway to watch them.

The light and shadow played strange pranks with all. It brought into grotesque relief a suit of nankeen here, a buff waistcoat there—or singled out for an especial gleam a saucy cap or scarlet kerchief. In spite of past difficulties and a future that threatened more, their spirits were strong, their hearts light and undismayed. At first there had been exciting talk and speculation, but gradually silence fell, and somebody started a song.

Mrs. Creighton slipped to the spinet and softly played the air, while the rest joined in the refrain:

"Are we almost there—are we almost there?"

Said a dying girl as she drew near home.

Those our poplar trees that rear Their forms so high 'neath the Heaven's blue dome?"

The slow, sad words rolled in sonorous measure from floor to rafter, until a solemn hush fell upon all. At this moment America filled the threatening gap, and turned the tide of sadness which seemed setting in. Back in the shadow she rocked to and fro, and with the squeak of her chair the only accompaniment, she sang the old camp meeting hymn in a voice loud, but tuneful:

"Wrastle, Jacob, daylight's a-breakin', Oh, wrastle, Jacob, I will not let thee go."

### CHAPTER IV.

Toward the close of a raw day in January there was a stir on board the Cumberland was in sight! Gray and green, the water of the two rivers blended in a muddy torrent. At the last bend in the Ohio they came in sight of the flotilla. Moored on the bank were the boats, and moving about the shore the pilgrim voyagers. There was a flutter of handkerchiefs, and a halloo of welcome as the newcomer glided to a landing-place, and the tired travelers stepped to shore.

Mrs. Blennerhasset's eyes sought but one face in the crowd. Her husband sat on a fallen tree in the background. His companion, with whom he was in earnest conversation, was a small, lithe man, below the medium height, under whose high, pointed forehead dark eyes flashed with mesmeric power. These, and the dilated nostrils, were the only signs of excitement. His voice was very low, his manner quiet with movements restrained, except that he constantly poked one long forefinger in the listener's face. All the vehemence of a strong soul seemed condensed in that gesture.

A man approached and, bowing, said: "Col. Burr, our party from the east has come, and word has it that Mrs. Blennerhasset is with them."

Harmon Blennerhasset rose with a startled exclamation: "My wife—here? But that is not our boat!" And he rushed to the landing, where his wife with her little sons and the others were disembarking.

"Welcome, Mavourneen! And you, Mrs. Creighton? And Lavender? Will wonders never cease?"

In the midst of the hurried explanation which followed, Col. Burr approached. He greeted the ladies with a soft cordiality rather fitted to the drawing room than this river bank, where every lingering ray of sun served but to illumine the embracing waters, leaving the snow-blots on either side in dusky gloom.

The leader invited the newly arrived voyagers to supper on his boat, and the time passed delightfully; enlivened by the seductive charm of his manner and conversation. Winslow, too, was a brilliant talker when the spirit moved, and they, with the two elder women, flashed wit and wisdom to which the others listened with an admiring attention which was a good fashion of the time.

Later, however, a current of sadness lay underneath the gayety, and Lavender slipped out, and up to the deck alone.

The moon, low-hung and wan, like a dim torch lighted a wandering wrack of clouds. The quiet beauty of the night, and the lullaby of waves rocking the anchored boat, soothed her disturbed but to illumine the embracing waters, leaving the snow-blots on either side in dusky gloom.

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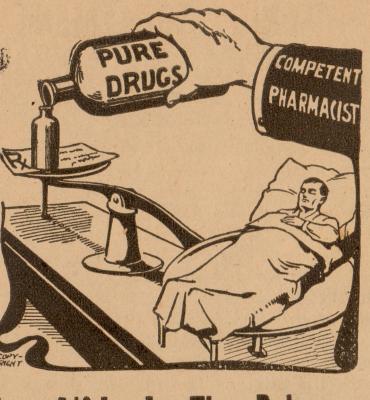
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**Davis & Co.**

On the Corner

**Price and Imagination.**  
Housewives are apt to judge the quality of groceries by the price paid for them. As an illustration of this a grocer tells the following story: "I had two qualities of flour—one fine and the other poor. One day I accidentally sold one for the other. My customers, who paid a high price for the poor quality, said that it had given entire satisfaction, while those who had received the fine flour for a low price complained of it, and a few returned it as unfit for use."

**Affection.**  
Talk not of wasted affection! Affection never was wasted. If it enriches not the heart of another, its waters, returning back to their springs like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshing; that which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.—Longfellow.

**His Ancestors.**  
Jones—So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee? Genealogist—One thousand pounds, for keeping quiet about them.—London Tit-Bits.

**It Hurts.**  
"Pa whaled me with a board. Then he said it hurt him worse'n it hurt me." "And do you think it did?" "I expect so. He got a big splinter in his thumb."

**Heroes in history seem to us poetic because they are there. But if we should tell the simple truth of some of our neighbors it would sound like poetry.—G. W. Curtis.**

"My child was burned terribly about the face, neck and chest." I applied Dr. Thomas' Electrict Oil. The pain ceased and the child sank into a restful sleep.—Mrs. Nancy M. Hanson, Hamburg, N.Y.

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YPSILANTI, JUNE 21, 1906

## Commencement Week

### THE NORMAL

The June Concert.

The annual June concert by the Ypsilanti choral society Thursday evening was thoroughly delightful and heartily appreciated by a large audience. The chorus is exceptionally well balanced this year, as there is a large men's chorus, and under Prof. Pease' splendid training the singing was brilliant, passionate, tender, melodious, gay or touching, as the words demanded. The Pease' choruses always sing with a thorough mastery of technique and admirable expression. The dramatic quality of the chorus from "The Black Knight" was brilliantly rendered, the intensely modern music by Sir Edward Elgar, with its warm tone-color, its intricate harmonies and its rare beauty, skillfully bringing out the picture of the opening tournament. In strong contrast was Gade's lovely "Erl King's Daughter," with its rippling melodies, its flowing measures, quickening into passionate emotion, but ever of the charming French school. In both, the chorus lent itself to the style of the music, and its work left nothing to be desired.

The soloists in the Gade cantata also won individual triumphs. Miss Lorinda Smith's voice, high and pure, smooth and appealing, suited perfectly the role of the Erlking's daughter, while Mr. Daley's rich baritone was given fine opportunity in the part of Oluf. Miss Benedict sang with feeling the difficult role of the mother. The Yunck string quartet, Miss Ruth Putnam and Prof. F. L. York made an excellent orchestra.

The other features of the concert were also enjoyable. Prof. Pease' beautiful setting of Swain's poem, "When the heart is young" is always a favorite and was sung by Misses Gareissen and Gilpin, Messrs. Hobart and Cook, and the chorus. Mr. William Lavin, the famous tenor, sang a group of four love songs and Pecci's beautiful "Gloria" very acceptably.

The Yunck string quartet gave two lovely numbers, the exquisite Tschaikowski's "Reverie," with its haunting song refrain, and Moskowski's dainty "Serenade." It is some years since Herr Yunck has been at Ypsilanti, but his playing is as wonderfully sweet, expressive and masterly as ever and mellowed by time. The quartet played admirably in his support.

Prof. Pease earned hearty thanks from his audience for presenting so charming a concert at this Commencement.

### The Baccalaureate Address.

The Baccalaureate service at Normal hall Sunday night was impressive and attended by an immense audience. Prof. Pease offered a fine musical program, himself playing the beautiful organ "Prelude in F" by West. The hymn "Coronation" was grandly sung, and Miss Ethelyn Walker's rich voice was beautiful in the Sullivan aria, "God shall wipe away all tears." Marshall Pease of Detroit sang the lovely aria from "St. Paul," "Be thou faithful unto death," with rare beauty of tone and expression, and the quartet, Misses Gareissen and Gilpin, Messrs. Pease and McCullough sang beautifully the lovely "Tell me, ye winged winds." Rev. A. G. Beach offered the prayer.

President Jones this year took up a subject of peculiar interest to teachers, "How to make moral teaching effective in the schools, or better, how to make all teaching efficiently ethical in its results, since character is the most important outcome of teaching." To prepare students to take their rightful places in society, it is needful to employ some definite means of securing intelligence concerning moral facts and relationships, and more difficult, the securing of a permanent attitude or predisposition of mind towards the performance of duties growing out of these. First is needed clear definition—much of the error of common conduct is due to the lack of appreciation of the real nature of the virtues and vices. Definite, premeditated instruction in the beauty of the virtues and the hideousness which is the essential nature of vice, even when temporarily attractively garbed, is the best way to dispose the child towards right living and to guard him against being deceived by vice. These should be taught by analysis and comparison, and after illustration should come a formulation of important relationships of vice and virtue to character culture, ending in directions for the practice of morality in actual life. Proverbs, which embody the wisdom of the race, biography, story, all help the child to form higher ideals than he could get alone from his experiences. Care should be taken to prevent this work from becoming a purely intellectual process, and from leading to morbid self-examination. It is best to have all teaching more or less interpreted by incidental moral instruction, and not the task of a moral on to every ex-

cise, which produces nausea against all moral training, but the imbuing of the mind with the idea of the moral coherence of knowledge in all its departments. The concepts of ethics are as fundamental in their bearing on human welfare as those of mathematics, and should be given as much place on the program. The person of one idea cannot be called truly cultured. Moral instruction involves more than the teaching of a few fundamental moral concepts. Culture is, as Shairp says, "the drawing forth of all good that is potentially in man, the training of all his energies and capacities to their highest pitch and the directing of them to their true ends," that is, a further development of knowledge beyond an intellectual condition into one of changed beliefs, purposes and ideals, looking to a clear realization of the worthy ends of life and a determination to attain some of them. Ideals are made up from knowledge and experience by the individual, but the teacher's work is to aid in inspiring and directing the process. It is here that the character of the teacher tells for so much, his life shaping the interpretation pupils put upon the knowledge they gain. Where the teacher wisely suggests the moral element, it colors all related facts and makes a coherent mental picture that inspires to noble work and helpful action. All teaching becomes moral teaching when the ethical relation of ideas is shown in a favorable light, and it is here that teaching offers its highest motives. The teacher is the strongest direct agency our civilization has produced for transforming spiritual potentiality into living reality, but the school needs support from the two great kindred institutions, the family and the church. Right moral teaching contains the best training of the family and contributes a large share to the fundamental beliefs of religion itself. In choosing the profession of teaching, you are privileged to enter into the holy of holies of human life and to assist efficiently in shaping the ideals of life and character of thousands of children of our beloved Commonwealth, a work of co-operation with God in forwarding the civilization of the world.

### The Normal Commencement.

The Normal College yesterday held one of the best Commencements in its history. Four hundred and fifty teachers belong to the class of 1906, by far the largest ever sent out. Of these, 35 receive the degree of bachelor of pedagogy; three, C. D. Carpenter of Bronson, Miss Carrie Krell of Holland, and Frank Jensen of Pentwater, the degree of bachelor of arts; and upon five eminently successful teachers the college conferred the honorary degree of master of pedagogy—Dr. Charles E. St. John of Oberlin, Miss Mary Putnam of the faculty, and Supts. J. E. Clark of Albuquerque, N. Mex., Fred A. Jeffers of Atlantic Mine, and W. H. Elson of Cleveland.

The program opened with a stirring organ solo by Miss Frances Strong. The Conservatory Ladies' Quartet and the Pease Men's Quartet sang several numbers. Miss Lorinda Smith played beautifully a Chopin "Scherzo."

Mr. Rev. Charles D. Williams, Bishop of Michigan, gave a trenchant, scholarly and inspiring address on "The Relation of Culture to Service," his text being "I sanctify myself that they also may be sanctified to the truth." Bishop Williams took up two processes of life, the one self regarding, the other other-regarding. In the ideal life these are equal. The self must be made as perfect and complete as possible, developed and trained to the best that is in it, but only that it may be of greater and better service to others. One set of people are consumed with zeal and good intentions but fail to realize that ability and training are necessary to reform the world. We have suffered as much from fool saints as from knaves. The aspiration to be nothing, a broken and emptied vessel, as the hymn says is easy of attainment but neither the Lord nor any one else has any use for broken crockery. One owes it to one's self and to the world to prepare thoroughly for one's life work. But too many educated people forget the obligation of service placed upon them by their very privileges; they hold themselves aloof from the common crowd and turn to self indulgence in the cultured life. This will soon destroy character and happiness. Knowledge without zeal, efficiency without the desire to use it for others, is as bad as the other way. Wealth and culture must be, not given as charity, but shared to be enriched by either giver or receiver. Make of yourself all you can, enjoy all you can, get what you can honestly, achieve all you can but do this only that what you gain will bless, irradiate and help the world and those about you.

The class of '01, twenty strong, held a delightful reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hatch and enjoyed a banquet and jolly time. This was one of the famous classes.

The class of '01 was represented by Judge and Mrs. Harry Lockwood of Monroe, who had a great time.

### Normal Class Days.

The Normal junior class day exercises were brief but excellent Monday. President Maurice C. Lathers presided. The salutatory was by Earle J. Engle, the poem by Miss Eolah Brown, the solo, "The Star and the Nightingale" by Miss Edna Miller; the oration "Education and the Common People," by William E. Olds; and the clever history by Miss Luella Munson.

The senior class held their exercises Tuesday afternoon, the red and white replacing the junior colors. President Benjamin Pittenger presided. The salutatory was given by Miss Anna L. French, the history by Guy C. Smith, the poem by Miss Mildred Corbett, the prophecy by Miss Edith Hoyle, the oration on "The True American" by Ira F. King, the solo by Milton Cook, and the valedictory by Benjamin Pittenger. The class memorial is an addition to the student loan fund.

### A Fine Exhibit.

A feature of the Normal Commencement is the exhibit made by the departments of domestic science and manual training. The work done by the children from the first grade to the high school is amazingly clever. After the children become a little familiar with the work they make their own patterns and designs. In manual training the work ranges from simple pen-holders and plant sticks whittled out, through bread boards, cup racks, candlesticks, lamp shades and many other useful articles to quite elaborate furniture, book racks, clock cases and stools. The big doll house made by the first grade is completely furnished in kitchen, dining room, library and bedroom. The little folks not only made the furnishings but daily care for and rearrange them. A set of architect's plans for a house are also of interest, the elevation taken from the Wallace cottages and the plans designed by the students.

In domestic science the work begins in the fourth grade with reed work and

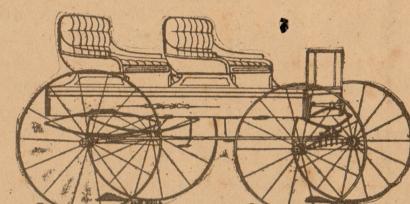
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How Not To.  
"Please read our paper," annotated the editor in returning the manuscript.

"I do," wrote back the contributor, "and my stuff is designed to show that I know what is the matter with your old paper."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The trouble with people who lay something by for a rainy day is that they seem to take such delight in seeing other people out in the wet.—New York Times.

**Corroborative.**

"This," exclaimed the orator, "is a decadent nation! As before the fall of Rome everything was rotten, so today in our erstwhile fair land everything"—Just here an egg struck him fairly. His nostrils dilated.

"Desire," he continued, "before retiring to add that this egg is corroborative evidence."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**A Case For Sympathy.**

"I have three children, who are the very image of myself," said Jones enthusiastically.

"I pity the youngest," returned Brown quietly.

"Why?" asked Jones.

"Because he is the one who will have to resemble to you the longest," said Brown.—Tit-Bits.

**Desperate.**

Aunt Ruth—"Tis sad to grow old. Her Niece—How much would you give to be as young as I? Aunt Ruth—I would almost submit to be as foolish.

**Unexpected.**

"Can your wife make as good pies as your mother did?"

"Yes, indeed. Mother uses my wife's recipe."—Cleveland Free Press.

**Assistant Pool Makers.**

It doesn't take much of a girl to make a fool of any man. Nature did so much.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Freely.**

Izzy Innit—Did you ever hear an oyster bay?

Tommy Rott—Yes, it's sort of a Long Island sound.—New York Times.